

## Betrayal

by Mara

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Summary: A short vignette giving life to Nikita's feelings after Michael breaks yet another promise.

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Disclaimer: In no way do I own Nikita, who is expressly the property of USA network. I don't own Michael either, though I think if I did, I'd have a lot of fun, but that's another story that isn't quite appropriate for this site. That said, keep reading.

Author's Note: The words below might seem a little extreme for Nikita, but, in all truthfulness, it's rare that we are able to discern exactly how she is feeling. Though, later, she might react a little more calmly, knowing what a passionate person she is, I can believe that Nikita would first react in the extreme.

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He betrayed me in every way I can think of.

Michael led me to believe that he cared about me, though he never actually said it, then ripped my beating heart from my chest while I watched in horror, unable to do anything to stop him.

It was as if I could see it coming, but I thought by wishing otherwise, if I just wished hard enough, I could change things—change HIM.

Of course, the more time I spent thinking it over, the more I realized that it wasn't my fault. After that, I didn't want to see him again because I wasn't sure how I would react to his eyes looking into my eyes, his skin brushing against my skin. I just wanted to run

and hide- from him...and from the part of myself that knew it was going to happen.

I've heard it said that what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger, and from Michael's deception I've learned many things.

I know now that his heart is not ready to open itself up to anyone, that, like a child abandoned by its parents, opening his heart will take time.

Knowing that, though Michael might look like a man, he is still a boy in many ways, did not stem to flow of pain. It lived on. It continued to breathe through me until I couldn't feel anything BUT the pain. Inside, I felt the anger burning, being suffocated by the endless stream of pain that gushed from the rip in my heart.

When I finally grasped the fact that Michael had lied to me, that he didn't REALLY care for me, a great chasm opened inside of me.

For anyone else to enter my heart, they must walk through that valley of blackness and fire that Michael created.

End  
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